ASHTABULA TELEGRAPH.

JAS. REED & SON, Publishers. Independent in all things. $2 in Advance

Vol. XXVIII, No.4. ASHTABULA, OHIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1877 Whole Number 1412.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MERCHANTS.

THOS. N. BOOTH, General Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Tobaccos and Cigars, and everything a family needs to eat or wear. North Main street, Ashtabula. 1386

H. C. TOMBES & CO., (H. C. Tombes, L. R. Rockwell & A. C. Tombes,) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Fruits and Grain; Agents for American and Union Express Companies and Cleveland Herald, Main street, Ashtabula, O. [1338

A. H. & E. W. SAVAGE, Dealers in Choice Family Groceries and Provisions; also, pure Confectionery, and the finest brands of Tobacco and Cigars. 1251

S. B. WELLS, Produce and Commission Merchant for the purchase and sale of Western Reserve Butter, Cheese and Dried Fruits, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1224

CARLISLE & TYLER, Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Family Groceries and Crockery. Willard's New Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1095

GILKEY & PERRY, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, next door north of Fisk House, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043

J. M. FAULKNER & SON, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Salt, Fish, Plaster, Water-Lime, Seeds, &c., Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish; also, all kinds of Family Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery, Ale and Domestic Wines. [1251

H. L. MORRISON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Ashtabula, Ohio. 1251

MEANS & CLARK, Dealers in Produce, Coal, Lime, Sand and Water-Lime, Rock Creek Station, Ohio. 6m-1852

DRUGGISTS.

D. D. MATTESON, Druggist and Stationer, Main St., Ashtabula, O., dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, and Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Physician's prescriptions a specialty. 1365

MARTIN MEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary, and General Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Wines and Liquors for medical purposes, Fancy and Toilet Goods Main street, corner of Centre, Ashtabula, Ohio.

CHARLES E. SWIFT, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, superior Teas, Coffee, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Patent Medicines of every description, Paints, Dyes, Varnishes, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Hair Oils, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Prescriptions prepared with suitable care. 1095.

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1095.

HOTELS.

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, Ohio—A. Field, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars; also, a good Livery Stable kept in connection with this House to convey passengers to every point. [1251

DENTISTS.

D. E. KELLEY, D. D. S., successor to G. W. Nelson, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. '87

P. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashtabula, Ohio. Office Centre street, between Main and Park. 1043

W. T. WALLACE, D. D. S. Ashtabula, Ohio, is prepared to attend to all operations in his profession. Office and Residence on Elm street. Office hours from 9 to 5. 1251

MANUFACTURERS.

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, &c., Planing, Matching, and Scrowl Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop on Main street, opposite the Upper Park, Ashtabula, Ohio. [440

HART UDY, Dealer in Granite and Marble Monuments, Grave Stones, Tablets, Mantels, Grates, &c. Building Stone, Flagging and Curbing cut to order. Yard on Centre street. 1239

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

W. H. HUBBARD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office room 9 Haskell's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. Will practice in any Court of the State, and in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States

WEIDMAN & SON, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio.; will practice in the Courts of Ashtabula, Lake and Geauga. 1043
LABAN S. SHERMAN.] [JOHN H. SHERMAN.

EDWARD H. FITCH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, Ashtabula, Ohio. Special attention given to the Settlement of Estates, and to Conveyancing and Collecting; also, to all matters arising under the Bankrupt Law. 1043

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1095

E. B. LEONARD, Attorney at Law, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Smalley Block [1362

E. A. WRIGHT, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, and Notary and Justice of the Peace, Morgan, Ashtabula Co., O. [1y-1351

HARDWARE, &c.

CROSBY & WETHERWAX, Dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Hollowware, Shelf Hardware, Glassware, Lamps and Lamp Trimmings, Petroleum, &c., opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio; also, a full stock of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, &c. [1251

GEO. C. HUBBARD & CO., Dealers in Hardward, Iron, Steel and Nails, Stoves, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc, and Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copperware, Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1095

PHYSICIANS.

L. B. BARTLETT, Homœpathic Physician and Surgeon, (successor to Dr. Martin,) Office hours 7 to 10 A. M., and 6 to 8 P. M. Office next door to Moore's Store, Main st., Ashtabula, Ohio. 1557

H. H. BARTLETT, M. D., Homœpathist. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office hours from 11 A. M., to 3 P. M., and from 7 to 8 P. M. Old office, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1367

F. D. CASE, Physician and Surgeon; office east side of Park street, second door north of Centre street. Residence on Centre street, third door west of Engine House. Office hours, 11 to 12 A. M., and 7 to 8 P. M. [tf-1268

DR. P. DEICHMAN, Physician and Surgeon, having located himself in Ashtabula, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Ashtabula and vicinity. Dr. P. Deichman speaks the German and English languages fluently. His office and residence is in Smith's new block, Centre street. [1349

DR. E. L. KING, Physician and Surgeon; office over Wilcox's store. Residence near St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1043

FOUNDRIES.

TINKER & GREGORY, Manufacturers of Stoves, Plows and Columns, Window Caps and Sills, Mill Castings, Kettles, Sinks, Sleigh Shoes, &c., Phœnix Foundry, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1051

PAINTERS.

A. & W. KYLE, House and Sign Painters, Graining, Paper Hanging and Glazing; Kalsomining and Wall Painting a specialty; 266 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. All orders promptly attended to, and work executed in the neatest manner. 1367

J. E. WATROUS, Painter, Glazier and Paper Hanger. All work done with neatness and dispatch. 1159

JOB PRINTERS.

JAMES REED & SON, Plain and Ornamental Printers and General Stationers. Specimens of Printing and prices for the same sent on application. Office corner Main and Spring streets, Ashtabula, O. [1369

CABINET WARE.

JOHN DUCRO, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Furniture of the best descriptions, and of every variety; also, General Undertaker and Manufacturer of Coffins to order; on Main street, north of South Public Square, Ashtabula, Ohio. 461

JEWELERS.

GEO. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler; Repairing of all Kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry; Store in Ashtabula House Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

PUBLIC HALLS.

TONES OPERA HALL, Orwell, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, on the line of A. Y. & P. railroad; refitted, with stage and scenery, will seat 500, and is ready to rent to traveling troupes. R. E. STONE, Proprietor. [1367

HARNESS MAKER.

F. C. FORD, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, &c., opposite Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1015

LUMBER YARDS.

WALTON & TALBERT, Manufacturers of and Dealers in all grades of Saginaw Lumber Lath and Shingles; also, mouldings of all descriptions. 1258

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BLAKESLEE & MOORE, Photographers and Dealers in Pictures, Engravings, Chromos, &c.; having a large supply of Mouldings of various descriptions, are prepared to frame anything in the Picture line at short notice and in the best style.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. M. BLACKBURN, Architect; Office No. 9, Perkin's Block; residence, 82 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. 1307

197 BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE!! Dealer in Water-Lime, Stucco, Land Plaster, Real Estate and Loan Agent, Ashtabula Depot. [1299] WM. HUMPHREY.

J. SUM. BLYTH, Agent for the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co. Cash Assets over $,000,000 Gold. In the U. S. $3,600,000. Stockholders also personally liable [1253

ASHTABULA, YOUNGSTOWN & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE—Nov. 27, 1876.

Going South. No. 2 L. Ft.		Stations.	Going North. No. 1 L. Ft.	
a m	a m		p m	p m
7 30	6 15	.....Harbor.....	11 30	5 00
7 40	6 30	L. S. & M. S. Crossing	1 20	4 45
7 45	6 30	.....Ashtabula.....	1 15	4 35
8 00	7 08	....Munson Hill....	†1 04	4 10
8 06	7 25	....Austinburgh....	12 58	3 58
8 10	7 50	.....Eagleville.....	12 48	3 36
8 27	8 27	....Rock Creek....	12 38	3 15
8 37	8 55	.....Rome.....	12 28	2 51
8 40	9 02	....New Lyme....	12 25	2 45
8 50	9 30	.....Orwell.....	12 15	2 24
9 02	10 05	.....Bloomfield.....	12 03	1 55
9 10	10 30	.....Oakfield.....	11 55	1 38
9 14	10 42	.....Bristolville.....	11 50	1 28
‡9 27	11 35	.....Champion.....	‡11 35	‡12 50
‡9 37	11 55	A. & G. W. R. R. Cr.	‡11 23	‡12 35
9 46	‡12 00	.....Warren.....	11 20	‡12 30
10 00	.....	.....Niles.....	11 02	.....
10 15	..	.....Girard.....	10 50	.....
†10 21	..	.....Brier Hill.....	†10 42	.....
10 30	.....	.....Youngstown....	10 30	.....
2 30	.....	.....Pittsburgh.....	‡7 00	.....
p m	m		a m	p m

‡ Daily except Sundays. † Trains stop for passengers on signal only. ‡ Trains do not stop for passengers.

ERIE RAILWAY.

Abstract of Time Table Adopted Nov. 22nd, 1875.

PULLMAN'S best Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches, combining all modern improvements, are run through without change from Rochester Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, Chicago and Detroit to New York, making direct connection with all lines of foreign and coastwise steamers, and also with Sound Steamers and railway lines for Boston and New England cities. Hotel dining cars from Chicago to New York.

STATIONS.	*No. 8. N.Y Express.	*No. 12. Atlantic Express	No. 4. Night Express.
Dunkirk.....L've.	3 35 A M	1 05 P.M.	.....
Salamanca..... "	5 37 "	3 30 "	.....
Clifton..... "	4 20 "	2 00 "	7 40 P M
Susp. Bridge.... "	4 30 "	2 10 "	7 50 "
Niagara Falls.... "	4 35 "	2 15 "	7 55 "
Buffalo..... "	5 15 "	2 50 "	10 15 "
Attica..... "	6 30 "	4 10 "	11 30 "
Portage..... "	.....	5 22 "	.....
Hornellsville.... "	†8 50 "	†6 35 "	1 22 A M
Addison..... "	9 46 "	7 45 "	2 35 "
Rochester..... "	6 00 "	4 00 "	.....
Avon..... "	6 53 "	4 20 "	.....
Bath..... "	9 06 "	6 46 "	.....
Corning..... "	10 08 "	8 10 "	3 00 A M
Elmira.....Arr.	10 38 "	8 40 "	3 32 "
Waverly..... "	11 14 "	9 23 "	4 15 "
Owego..... "	11 46 A M	10 04 "	4 56 "
Binghamton..... "	12 26 P M	10 53 "	5 43 "
Great Bend..... "	12 51 "	.....	6 17 "
Susquehan'a..... "	†1 08 "	11 43 "	†6 33 "
Deposit..... "	1 58 "	12 25 A.M.	7 25 "
Hancock..... "	2 25 "	12 55 "	7 57 "
Lackaw'xen..... "	4 04 "	.....	9 41 A M
Honesdale..... "	5 40 "	.....	2 20 P M
Port Jervis..... "	4 45 "	3 38 "	10 22 A M
Middletown..... "	5 31 "	4 40 "	11 12 "
Goshen..... "	.....	.....	11 38 "
Patterson..... "	7 08 "	6 27 "	12 51 P M
Newark..... "	7 42 "	7 30 "	2 05 "
Jersey City..... "	7 43 "	7 05 "	1 26 "
New York..... "	7 55 P M	7 25 A. M	1 40 "
Boston..... "	6 15 A M	5 40 P.M.	11 00 P M

* No. 12 runs daily and No. 8 daily from Salamanca and Buffalo. † Meal Stations.
Ask for tickets by way of Erie Railway For Sale at all the principal Ticket Offices.
JNO. N. ABBOTT, Gen. Pas. Agt., N. Y.

L. S. & M. S.—FRANKLIN DIVISION

From and after Dec. 10th, 1876, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST. No. 1 L W. Ft.		STATIONS.	GOING EAST. No. 2 L W. Ft.	
A M	A M		P M	A M
7 20	.....	Oil City—East.	2 20	.....
7 25	.....	‡Junction.....	2 15	.....
7 29	6 00	‡Oil City—West	2 12	5 30
7 40	6 24	‡Reno.....	2 02	5 06
7 47	6 40	Run.....	1 56	4 51
7 54	6 55	‡Franklin.....	1 50	4 40
8 15	7 45	Summit.....	1 32	3 51
8 20	8 20	‡Polk.....	1 26	3 18
8 31	8 45	‡Raymilton....	1 15	2 50
8 47	9 22	Sandy Lake....	12 59	2 07
8 55	10 10	‡Stoneboro.....	12 55	1 27
8 58	10 20	Branch.....	12 46	1 20
9 08	10 46	Clark.....	12 35	12 50
9 15	11 07	‡Hadley.....	12 27	12 27
9 28	12 13	Salem.....	12 13	11 45
9 33	12 23	Amasa.....	12 08	11 35
9 50	1 10	‡Jamestown....	11 55	11 10
9 58	1 28	Turner.....	11 27	10 27
10 07	1 47	Simon.....	11 19	10 07
10 23	2 20	‡Andover.....	11 04	9 30
10 34	2 42	‡Leon.....	10 54	8 48
10 44	3 04	Dorset.....	10 44	8 25
11 00	3 40	‡Jefferson.....	10 24	7 49
H 10	.....	Greggs.....	10 14	.....
11 18	4 16	Plymouth.....	10 06	7 12
11 30	.....	Centre Street..	9 54	.....
11 33	4 45	‡Ashtabula....	9 50	6 45
2 30	.....	Pittsburgh.....	7 15	.....
P M	P M		A M	A M

‡ Telegraph Stations.
Passenger fare at the rate of 3 cents per mile to way stations counted in even half dimes.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R.

GOING WEST.

Special St. Louis Express leaves Buffalo at 10:50 p. m., Erie 12:40 a. m., Ashtabula 1:46, and arrives at Cleveland at 3:15 a. m.

Special Chicago Express leaves Buffalo at 12:45 a. m., Erie 3:25 a. m., Ashtabula 4:30, and arrives at Cleveland at 6:00 a. m.

Conneaut Accommodation leaves Conneaut at 6:05 a. m., Amboy 6:11, Kingsville 6:21, Ashtabula 6:33, Saybrook 6:43, Geneva 6:53, Painesville 7:28, and arrives at Cleveland 8:45 a. m.

Toledo Express leaves Buffalo at 8:45a. m., Erie 10:20, Conneaut 11:22, Amboy ——, Kingsville 11:38, Ashtabula 11:50 p.m., Saybrook 12:00 Geneva 12:10, Painesville 12:44, and arrives at Cleveland at 2:00 p. m.

Pacific Express leaves Buffalo 12:45 p. m., Erie 3:53, Ashtabula 5:15, Painesville 6:06, and arrives at Cleveland at 7:10 p. m.

Erie Accommodation leaves Buffalo —— p. m., Erie 4:00 p. m., Conneaut 5:03, Ashtabula 5:33, Saybrook 5:41, Geneva 5:54, Painesville 6:32, and arrives at Cleveland at 7:35 p. m.

GOING EAST.

Atlantic Express leaves Cleveland 7:30 a. m., Painesville 8:20, Ashtabula 9:05, Conneaut 9:28, Erie 10:20, and arrives at Buffalo at 1:10 p. m.

Toledo and Buffalo Accommodation leaves Cleveland at 11:15 a. m., Painesville 12:27, Geneva 1:04 p. m., Saybrook 1:18, Ashtabula 1:30, Kingsville 1:44, Amboy 1:54, Conneaut 2:02, Erie 3:10, Buffalo 7:00 p. m.

Chicago and St. Louis Express leaves Cleveland at 2:45 p. m., Painesville 3:31, Ashtabula 4:13, Erie 5:25, and arrives at Buffalo at 8:10 p. m.

Conneaut Accommodation leaves Cleveland at 4:50 p. m., Painesville 5:39, Geneva 6:08, Saybrook 6:48, Ashtabula 7:00, Kingsville 7:13, Amboy 7:23, and arrives at Conneaut at 7:30 p. m.

Special New York Express leaves Cleveland at 10:05 p. m., Painesville 10:56, Ashtabula 11:43 Erie 1:05 a. m., and arrives at Buffalo at 4:00 a. m.

☞ Trains run by Columbus time.

FOR SALE.

I OFFER my Situation in the village of Kingsville for sale, consisting of my Dwelling House, and about three acres of land; also, Saw and Wood-working Mill with all the machinery, &c. The property needs no recommendation, it will show for itself.

The Mill is large and substantially built with stone basement and two stories of wood work 42x63 ft. The Mill is adapted to many kinds of manufacturing. A good chance for any one wishing business.

Will sell cheap and on time to parties wishing to purchase.

81400 JACOB FICKINGER.

PHŒNIX IRON WORKS

IRON & BRASS

FOUNDERS,

General Machinists

and manufacturers of

FARMING IMPLMENTS

&c., &c.

Office and Works at Centre street R. R. Crossing, Ashtabula, Ohio. 1374.

Just What You Want!

STARTLING SLAUGHTER!

Closing-Out Sale!

FINE AND SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY!

—AT THE—

ASHTABULA STORE!

WE WOULD CALL PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT

We do not carry over any Goods

IF LOW PRICES WILL SELL THEM, AND FOR THIS REASON HAVE

MARKED DOWN OUR STOCK

to prices which will insure its rapid sale. Many articles will be sold

Without Regard to Cost

and much lower than they could be replaced for.

TRIMMED HATS

—AND—

MILLINERY GOODS!

at prices which ridiculous compared with the original cost.

Don't Purchase anything in our line until you have visited this Great Sale.

L. W. Smith & Son.

Goods at about Your Own Price,

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY, AT

SMITH'S CENTER ST. BLOCK,

ASHTABULA, OHIO,

PART OF A LARGE

BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF—

FINE DRY GOODS!

AT A SACRIFICE.

This will be the most REMARKABLE SALE of Choice Goods that has ever taken place in this section, and the wise will take advantage of it.

The Stock is a Large One, and Must be Sold!

if LOW PRICES will do it, as arrangements have been made to remove the stock, if any remains, to another place. The object of this sale is to sell every thing out slick and clean, and as QUICK AS POSSIBLE.

☞ Remember this chance can only last for a short time,

Call, whether you wish to buy or not, and see how cheap goods can be sold.

☞ Remember the place—Smith's Center Street Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

R. A. BENNETT, Agent.

From Chamber's Journal.

FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

"You'll not do it, and get in, young chap, with your hair on your head, I tell ye that; and, mark ye, Britisher, 'tis no town-bred greenhorn who says it, but old Joe Burton, that has fought Injuns and hunted buffler on the plains afore you left your mother's side, I calculate. 'Taint to be done."

"But, Colonel," I put in, smiling, yet not quite so much at my ease as I desired to appear; for this tough old frontiersman who remembered the foundation of the settlement, was no light authority as to the practicability of such an enterprise as that which I had, perhaps, rashly undertaken.

"A clear throwing away of life, that's all," gruffly rejoined the veteran, as he stooped to pat the hound that jumped up, whimpering to receive his master's caress. "He that rides the line to the head waters of the Gila now, has only to thank his own folly if his scalp dries in some pesky wigwam on the prairie. But there; I'm wasting words. A wilful lad, like a half-broke mustang, ain't easy to hold back. Anyway, Master Harry Lyndham, I wish you well out of the ugly scrape you have got into."

Colonel Burton was by no means the only friend who strove to dissuade me from my project, but my word was pledged, my mind made up, and it only remained to complete the preparations for my hurried and perilous journey. This was how matters stood with me: I, Harry Lyndham, one of the many young Englishmen whom the hopes of growing rich had drawn to the far west of America, was then a resident of Tucson City, and a clerk in the employment of Curtis Brothers. The firm consisted of two old and somewhat eccentric men—old bachelor brothers—self-educated, as well as, in the commercial sense of the word, self-made, and whose names were known and respected through all that wild region that comprises Arizona, Montana, and the northern counties of Texas.

Oddly enough, it was because I was an Oxford man that my employers had given me the preference over a score of candidates, for, in truth, there was nothing that they so much prized as the learning which they never had leisure or opportunity to acquire; nor had they had occasion to repent their choice, since I had served them zealously enough, during the past year, to have gained a place in their esteem; while I liked them well, since their hearts were as warm as their manners were quaint. Mine were no sedentary duties, and I was more often in the saddle than at a desk; for Messrs. Curtis were speculators and general jobbers, dealing in maize and wine and hides, in tobacco, quicksilver, gunpowder and "notions," and, above all, in cattle, the great staple of the far Southwest.

It was not for hire alone that I toiled as I did, earning in Tucson—where immigrants from the old country are seldom held of much account when compared with the bustling, pushing Yankee—the reputation of a model clerk, as clerks are understood in that out-of-the-way nook of the earth. My great stimulus was that I was in love with pretty, charming Rosamond Gray, the daughter of old Mr. Gray, the banker at Cristobal, a town lying to the eastward of the Mimbres, and famous as a market for the agricultural produce of the vast districts bordering on Mexico. In one sense I was happy; for my love was returned; but in another I had met with what was almost a repulse, since Mr. and Mrs. Gray, although entertaining no personal objection to me as a son-in-law, were unwilling to bestow their daughter on any but a wealthy suitor.

"Get rich, Mr. Lyndham," the banker had said good-naturedly, "and I see no reason why Rosamond and you should not be happy according to your own fancy. But neither her mother nor I can sanction an unconditional engagement."

I was in hope that I might take Mr. Gray's advice, and by growing rich, or at least by acquiring a competence, win Rosamond's hand, the prize that I valued above all earthly considerations; and such is the rapidity with which, in these argentiferous regions, fortunes are sometimes amassed, that I was not without warrant for aspirations which in Europe would perhaps have seemed futile.

And now, to explain the present position of the firm, and the reasons for my undertaking a journey—fraught, according to the rugged old militia colonel's dictum, with almost certain disaster. Curtis Brothers, who by a long course of judicious operations, had raised themselves from poverty to affluence, had at that time on hand a speculation of unusual importance. They had made, chiefly in Texas, very large purchases of horned cattle, sheep and swine, destined to feed the swarming population of the sterile mining districts, where provisions, and meat in special, commanded high prices. The investment seemed the more likely to be profitable since the twin plagues of New Mexico, drought and locusts, had occasioned a notable mortality among the cattle of Arizona and the adjoining territories, and great pecuniary returns were anticipated.

All these calculations seemed likely to be upset by the sudden breaking out of that smouldering Indian war which never quite comes to an end in that dangerous region. The Apaches, the irreclaimable foes of all white men, were on the war-path, leagued, as was reported, with sundry other tribes—the Kiowas, the Navajoes, and the dreaded Comanches; and already hideous tales of Indian cruelty and massacre reached us from many a lonely homestead within reach of the spoiler. The troops had been hastily withdrawn; the caravans about to traverse the prairie had halted for lack of an escort; and it was thought rash to venture more than a few miles beyond the cultivated country. Yet the day was at hand when the great herds of oxen and droves of swine, already purchased, would be waiting at Cristobal for the completion of the bargain, and my employers were well aware that unless the cattle could be paid for in hard dollars, a fatal blow would be dealt to the credit of the firm. Messrs. Curtis had strained every nerve to collect the ready money necessary, and the funds were forthcoming, but the entire scheme bade fair to be frustrated by the abrupt closing of the route consequent on the war. No man, or party of armed men, could have been bribed to attempt the conveyance of the cash across the plains, now haunted by the savage enemy, when I astonished my employers by volunteering to be the messenger.

"You shall not have to repent of it, Harry, my boy," said the elder of the two brothers, as he wrung my hand in his own horny one. "You've stood manfully by us in this pinch, and we'd be mean enough for niggers to trample on if we didn't show gratitude a little more substantially than a few fair words. We never yet did raise a clerk to be a partner, but——. There, there, Lyndham; I did not intend to egg you on by an offer, as if you needed that," hastily added the honest old fellow, fearing, as he saw the color rise to my face that I had taken umbrage at his rough speech. "Come safe back to us, lad, and all will be right."

Mr. James Curtis spoke words to much the same effect, at the same time bidding me be careful, and indeed it was curious to watch the struggle in my employers' mind between a natural eagerness to escape a financial wreck that almost amounted to ruin, and the kindly apprehension lest I should lose my life in their service.

As for myself, I knew well enough how great was the risk I ran, and for how momentous a stake I was about to play, and had not the goal before my mental vision been the bright prospect of calling Rosamond my wife, even the prospective partnership would hardly have tempted me to set off on an errand so perilous. As it was I was resolved, and as I got ready for the start I tried quietly to weigh the chances for and against my safely reaching Cristobal. I had a fair knowledge of the country, which I had traversed on four or five occasions, and was no novice in camping out, or in the familiar incidents of prairie travel. I could ride well, too, and was better mounted than most of the residents in that district where horseflesh is cheap and plentiful, having in my possession a splendid chestnut thorough-bred, originally brought from Kentucky by some United States officer, and was celebrated for strength and speed. I was fond of Sunbeam, and he was of me, for he was docile and intelligent as well as swift, and would follow me for miles as a dog follows his owner, or stand, when I bade him, with the reins hanging loose upon his glossy neck.

There was scanty time for leave taking. It was deep in the afternoon when I started, a dozen or more of the younger citizens of Tucson riding with me for the first half-hour, and giving me a hearty cheer as we parted. More than one strong hand trembled a little as it grasped mine in token of adieu, and there was an unwonted moisture glistening in the honest eyes of some of the kind-hearted young fellows as they wished me "God-speed and a safe return." Well do I remember wheeling my steed on a little elevation in the rolling, flower-enameled prairie, and waving my hat in answer to the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the little knot of horsemen, not one of whom, I am sure, ever expected to see me again on this side of the grave. Then I rode on, and lost sight of the friendly band of well-wishers.

The heavy sultry heat seemed to enwrap the land like a mantle; there was not a breath to stir the drooping leaves of the few cottonwood trees I passed in the lower levels, and on the uplands the long rank grass was parched and brown by the fierce sun, for it was long since rain had fallen. The shrill, sharp chirp of the prairie cricket, and the far-off barking of that curious animal, the prairie dog, alone awoke the stillness that was absolutely oppressive. Some three hours after leaving Tucson I reigned up beside the blue, bright waters of a creek, and slacking my horse's girths I allowed him to drink freely, myself replenishing the metal canteen that was slung at my saddle-bow, for in that desert land another opportunity of appeasing thirst might not readily occur. And presently leaving the grassy prairie we struck into a country still more lonely and desolate, where the only sound was the thud of my horse's hoofs on the scorched and barren earth.

Far away to the left there glimmered against the sky something like a shining wall, imperfectly visible, but which I knew to be the serrated crests and mountain peaks of the Mimbres, the natural fastnesses where dwelt the barbarian tribes whose torch and tomahawk had laid waste many a happy home. Nor were mementoes of their hostility lacking, as I traversed the track—deeply seamed by wagon-wheels, and strewn with the bleached bones of mules and oxen—that did duty for a road. Eight or nine times there loomed before me a rude wooden cross, on which was coarsely painted in letters of black or red, sometimes a name, more often mere initials, followed by the simple inscription, "Killed by the Apaches."

The sun went down, the dew glistened upon the rank herbage, and tufts of the wild sage, and a welcome breeze cooled the heated air, while the broad, bright moon, like a silver shield, rose to shed her chastened light over the vast expanse of prairie. Onward I rode, until at length in a sort of oasis, where water and grass and trees were to be found, selected my camping-place for the night. With dawn I was again in the saddle, nor did any incident during that day's journey or the next vary the monotony of prairie travel. Water was met with, sparingly, indeed, and of poor quality, but the brackish and turbid draught at any rate sufficed to allay that tormenting thirst which is the great terror of the solitary wayfarer on these burning plains. Wherever there was water, too, there was pasture for my horse; while for my own sustenance I was provided with a tiny store of wild bull-beef, cut in strips and dried in the sun, in Mexican fashion, and with a bag of parched maize-cobs. These, with a flask of French brandy, a Spanish poncha, and ammunition for carbine and revolver, made up all my equipment, save only my canteen, with its tin cup and the leather saddle-bags wherein were stowed away the gold and greenbacks necessary to redeem the credit of Curtis Brothers with their creditors at Cristobal. On the evening of the third day I halted in a well watered dell near the head of a creek, and at a distance, as I computed, of 120 miles from Tucson; 80 miles more, at most, would carry me to Fort Webster; and once across the Gila I should be safe, and could make certain of completing my journey to Cristobal. Hitherto I had met with no living soul, friendly or hostile. More than once I had fancied that on the verge of the dim horizon I had caught a glimpse of tall spears and feathered heads; and on one occasion I beheld a distant cloud of dust arise from the bare, brown surface of the desert; but this might as easily have been occasioned by the passage of a herd of bison or of wild horses, as of the Apaches or their allies. My spirits rose as I proceeded on my way, and I began to feel confident of success.

On that night, lying wrapped in my poncha, with my saddle for a pillow, and my weapons within reach, I dreamed I was at home again in old England, and a boy once more, for I saw my sisters' faces round me, and those of my former friends and playmates long dispersed, when suddenly I was aroused by the shrill, eager neighing of my horse, tethered close by, and waking with a start, opened my eyes to encounter the fierce eyes glaring upon me from a hideous painted face, bending over me, and so close as to well-nigh touch it. I felt an Indian's hot breath upon my cheek, as he stood over me, while of his purpose there could be little doubt, for, as I could see by the dim light of the dying watch-fire, he was freshly besmeared with war-paint, and one hand held a glittering knife. As I started up and grasped the butt of the revolver lying beneath my head, the Indian's other hand clutched me by the wrist, while again my steed neighed shrilly; as I propped myself on one knee I could see that Sunbeam was plunging and rearing violently, while two dark forms were gliding about the spot where the horse was fastened, apparently intent on unfastening the long lariat by which he was haltered to the ground.

There are confused recollections of which memory is never able afterwards wholly to unravel the tangled thread. I remember a brief, sharp struggle, during which I twice received a slight graze from the knife that the Apache carried, and then my right wrist was freed from the hand that grasped it, and the sharp crack of the pistol, as three shots were successively fired, broke the stillness. Then almost immediately I heard the thud of galloping hoofs upon the crisp turf of the prairie, and saw two mounted men, whose fluttering blankets and plumed heads proclaimed their nationality, ride off into the darkness. At my feet lay my first assailant. His hand, when I lifted it, fell back to earth, and his grim features, bedaubed with streaks of yellow, white and black, were stiffening fast in death. The two eagle's feathers, fastened by a silver brooch to his long, black hair, denoted that he had been a chief or principal warrior, while the paint and tattooing proved him to belong to the great tribe of the Apaches.

My great source of anxiety now was lest the two braves who had escaped should have comrades within reach, and I at once decided that to press on was my wisest policy. It was now the dark, chill hour that precedes the dawn, but saddling Sunbeam, whom I found fretful and agitated after his recent interview with the red robbers, I resumed my journey. Up to this time I had spared my horse, but now, heavy as was the sickly heat, and long as were the hours to be spent in traversing the brown, desolate plain, without grass or water, I urged Sunbeam on, the shining peaks of the Mimbres becoming more and more distinctly visible as we sped upon our way.—Poor Sunbeam showed for the first time signs of distress when we halted beside a stream, the brackish waters of which seemed to burn the thirsty lips that craved for them; but we were now, as I computed, within three hours of the river Gila, beyond which was safety.

The sterile, stony desert which spread itself before me, when, on the next morning, my jaded steed and I again set forth upon the track, was almost bare of verdure. The drought and heat of the scorching sun had withered every green blade, while pools and creeks which ought to have been full of sweet, pure water, were now mere belts of shingle, or hollows paved with dried clay; I shared the last drops of the precious fluid I carried in my canteen, and the last of the bleached corn, with Sunbeam, and the good horse seemed as though he were grateful for, and understood the kindness, for he rubbed his velvet muzzle caressingly against my hand as I stroked his neck, no longer sleek and smooth as satin, for fatigue and privation had roughened his coat and dimmed the fire in his eye. Suddenly, as I stood beside him, I looked back, and saw, what for the moment, made my very heart cease to beat, as if an icy touch had frozen the blood in my veins.

Spears and plume heads and wild forms, whose shields and scarlet blankets or buffalo robes were distinctly to be seen, were crowded together at the top of a rising ground, coming on over the prairie at the easy, swinging gallop which a mustang can keep up for half a day. As I set my foot in the stirrup and leaped into my saddle, the Indians, silent till then, set up their fearful war-whoop, and, with yells and frantic gestures lashed on their steeds and took up the pursuit with a fury that sufficiently indicated what would be my fate should I be overtaken. Then began a desperate race—a race for life or death. Sunbeam answered gallantly to my call, and for the first four or five miles I saw a little of the enemy, but on they came pitilessly, and soon seemed to gain ground. Had it been on the first day of the journey, I could have laughed at my pursuers, but now the superiority of my noble horse in stride and strength was neutralized by the comparative freshness of the shaggy steeds on which the Apaches were mounted. I groaned as I felt Sunbeam flag beneath me, though I urged him on with voice and hand.

Miles upon miles of rolling prairie were traversed, my horse keeping the lead, and speeding on with courage unabated, but staggering as he went, and bearing heavily on the bit as we descended the frequent slopes. The